



A Fawcett Publication

NO. 105
FEBRUARY

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢

CAPTAIN
MARVEL

BECOMES

“ THE
DOG
CATCHER ”





Baby Brownie Special Camera. Makes good snaps simple, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed-focus lens. Negatives, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. \$2.75.



Brownie Target Six-20 Camera. Brilliant vertical and horizontal view finders. Fixed-focus lens; two stops for varying light. Negatives, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. \$3.75.



Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera. "Makes snaps around the clock." Full-color pictures, too, in full sun. Two-position focusing helps get sharp, clear snaps. Negatives, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. \$11.75; Flashholder, \$2.92.



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Here's help in making up your mind

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On this page are six cameras. For the money, each is tops in its class. Your Kodak dealer has these and other Kodak cameras. Ask him for the full story of what each of these has to offer—color shots, flash shots, action pictures, and so on.

Eastman Kodak Company,
Rochester 4, N. Y.



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Brownie Hawkeye Camera. Newest Brownie box camera. Takes 12 black-and-white, 9 full-color pictures per roll of Kodak 650 Film. Overzie view finder. Time exposures and "D" shutter setting permit "flash" shots with Kodak Photo Flasher \$6.50; Kodak Photo Flasher, \$1.55.

All prices include Federal Tax
"Kodak" and "Brownie"
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Kodak
TRADE-MARK



CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES •

Executive Editor
WILL LINDSEY

Editor
WENDILL CROWLEY

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified
on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LAURE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHEE COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LAKE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GARRY HATES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALL WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
BOB CARROLL WESTERN • BILL ROYD WESTERN • SIX GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETT WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment. *W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President*



Captain

MARVEL

and
the
PREHISTORIC PERIL



REMEMBER BILLY BATSON
FAMOUS BOY NEWSCASTER.
SAYS THE WORD "SHAZAN" HE
IS MIRACULOUSLY CHANGED
INTO POWERFUL CAPTAIN
MARVEL, THE WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST MORTAL, WHO
ENDOWED IN HIS ANTIPODEAN
PANGLOSS THE POWERS OF
SIX OF THE MIGHTIEST GODS
OF ALL TIME!

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GUIDED TOURS INTO THE
WILDERNESS
GUARANTEED UNDISCOVERED
LEM JARDO, GUIDE

THERE ARE MANY
KINDS OF VACATIONS,
BUT ONE OF THE
MOST UNIQUE OF
ALL STARTS AT THIS
ISOLATED CABIN!

IS EVERYBODY
HERE?

ALL
HERE, LEM!

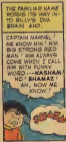






CAPT. MARVEL







**COME ON, GANG! GET IN THE FUN, TOO!
JOIN THE CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB TODAY!**

CAPTAIN MARVEL
Eastern Star Generalist Corp.

Star Logo is a Service

Since you'll not be a member of the growing CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB, I would like to see you to stamp to cover the cost of mailing. As a I preferred that I can to receive my CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD, which contains the secret code and the CAPTAIN MARVEL membership details along with many other very fun.

Name _____

Send \$2.00 _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you are not a member of the club, please send \$2.00 to receive your club card.



TIGHTWAD TAB

"BAD APPLE"

(GASP, GASP)
OOOHH!

(GULP)
TIGHTWAD!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

(GULP)
HE'S TANTED!

PLOP!

(MOAN)

I'LL CALL THE
DOCTOR AND
TELL HIM TO
COME OVER
IMMEDIATELY!

SHORTLY AFTER....

(GASP)
OOOHH!
(MOAN)

CHEER UP,
TIGHTWAD!
IT'S JUST
AN UPSET
STOMACH!
YOU'LL BE
ALL RIGHT!

(GROAN
MOAN)
OOOHH!

I'LL SEND YOU A BILL—HURR?
WHAT ARE YOU MOANING SO
MUCH ABOUT, TIGHTWAD?
I TOLD YOU IT ISN'T
SERIOUS AND THE PAIN
WILL DISAPPEAR
SHORTLY!

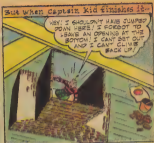
IT'S NOT THAT, I'M
THINKING OF ALL THE
MONEY I SPENT
BUYING APPLES TO
KEEP YOU AWAY!

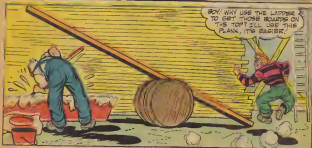
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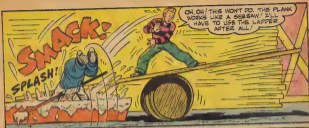
Capt. KID

in THE BUILD-UP









OH OH! THIS WON'T DO. THE PLANK LOOKS LIKE A SEESAW! I'LL HAVE TO USE THE LADDER AFTER ALL!

SMACK!
SPLASH!



NOW WHY DID WE PICKENS WANT TO GO INTO THE CONCRETE LIKE THAT?

WILL YOU HELP ME OUT OF HERE?



YOU ARE MR PICKENS. DO YOU LIKE CONCRETE BATHS?

YOU CLUMBY IDIOT! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING? I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HELPED YOUR FATHER BUILD A BATH LAST SUMMER?



I DID! BUT WHEN I FINISHED HELPING HIM HE NEEDED A CARPENTER AND TEN PLUMBERS TO HELP FIX UP THE BATH!

WHAT?



WHEN I CATCH YOU, YOU'LL NEED A DOCTOR TO FIX UP THE MESS I CAUSE!

YOUR HELP? YOUR HELP?



And he was so tight...

GOODBYE, CAPTAIN! CALL AGAIN!

NO, THANK YOU!



THE NUMBER HERE IS YOUR BROTHER BERNIE COOPERS BERNIE!



BLF ZOO OLEY OL OERTY? TANK BLF KLYEYOVENEN GELF 198
SIZES OERTYOV XLDON W Z NAWOYI MROGA SOW KINGOON
NZEBO PABRO BY ITH ROAL I HAZOATV WAP OZTIRWAT TSH
OHAN BY WYALLEVIN OZGS BY SOW OSH YZBOOV LU STH
OBYV LU OSH SOWAN OYAM BY SOW OL URTSOV OSH
OZTIRWAT KVIRO! WLY'S NETH GORH HELIS SW
OSH AWOS RHIVY!

THE SPACE BEACHCOMBER

A JON JARL Adventure

By Eando Binder



FAR out in space, a duel took place between two weaving rocket ships, each blasting away at the other with all its guns. The larger of the two ships was that of the Space Vulture, notorious pirate of the interplanetary era of 2291 A.D. The smaller ship was that of Lieutenant Jon Jarl of the Space Police.

Jon Jarl had been on the trail of the Space Vulture, and had at last caught up with him, engaging him in a grim duel. Unfortunately, Jon was outgunned. The larger ship and its trained crew could outshoot him. Jon maneuvered cleverly, staying in the battle, but finally a sizzling ray-bolt from the bandit ship sliced across his rocket tubes. Jon spun out of control. End over end, his ship tumbled off through space, powerless. And Jon himself, hurled against the hard wall, blacked out.

The Space Vulture grinned evilly, seeing the police ship twisting off through space. "Another notch on my ray gun!" he gloated. "Another space copper I bumped off!"

But Jon was not dead. Though his rocket motor was dead, the hull was intact and no air leaked out. The ship tumbled aimlessly through space for long hours.

When Jon's senses slowly swam back, his eyes opened to see a grizzled, bearded face over him. "How are ye, son?" said a gruff voice.

"All right, I guess," Jon murmured weakly, staggering to his feet. He winced at sore muscles, but in a moment felt his strength returning. Then he turned to the old man.

Jon couldn't help drawing back a little from him. The old man was unkempt and slovenly, with wild hair and untrimmed beard, and he wore misfit clothing. He looked like one of the lowest derelicts of humanity. "Who are you?" Jon asked. "How did you rescue me? And where am I?"

"Whoa, son," grinned the old man. "One thing at a time. First of all, just call me the Beachcomber of Space. As to where we are, put on your breathing helmet and we'll step outside. Then you'll see."

Wearing breaching helmets, they both stepped out. Jon gasped. He had thought he was on some world, naturally. But he saw now that they were in space. And stretching before

him for miles in all directions was the most astounding sight he had ever seen. It was a jammed mass of wreckage of space ships, countless thousands of them. It was a graveyard of derelicts!

And suddenly Jon knew where he was. It was the strange Sargasso Sea of Space!

"Yep, that's what it is," the old beachcomber was explaining as Jon stared unbelievably. "The Sargasso Sea of Space. For some reason, like maybe other currents, all space wrecks drift here into one mass. For hundreds of years, since space travel began, those hulks and derelicts have been drifting in, like shipwrecks drift to the shore of an ocean on earth."

Jon shook his head. "I'd heard of this, but never saw it before. It's weird. And you're a beachcomber here. You mean that you make a living at it?"

The old beachcomber nodded. "Yeh, that's it. You see, I hate work. One day I took an old space tub and searched for this Sargasso Sea of Space and found it. The ship was wrecked as I landed and since then, I've been living on whatever drifts in. The ships are smashed, but they always have stuff aboard I can salvage—like canned food, tanks of water, clothes, books, and lots of things. But when your ship drifted in, I was startled to find you in it—alive. All the others arrive dead."

Jon looked over his ship. "Rockets blasted away useless. Can't leave in my ship."

"Nopes, son," agreed the old man. "Guess you'll have to live with me and make the best of it. But it ain't so bad. I live pretty good. Come see my daggage."

THE beachcomber led the way and they hopped across the stretches of the Sargasso Sea, from one old hulk to the next. Jon peeped into some windows and shuddered. Skeletons. Many a ship had drifted here with all its crew dead.

The beachcomber proudly waved and ushered Jon into one huge space ship hull that was intact. Inside, fresh air was pumped out of pressure tanks, salvaged from some other ship. The inner space was jammed with all kinds of furniture, dishes, books, draperies, cush-

ions, and clothing—all gleaned by the beachcomber.

"All the comforts of home," shrieked the beachcomber. "I even have a photograph and lots of records. And a movie projector. And not only that—look—"

He opened a huge chest and Jon gasped. It was filled with gleaming golden coins, paper money, and a heap of jewelry and rings and watches. Jon was amazed. "You mean you went from wreck to wreck and found all these things? Why, that makes you rich!"

The beachcomber shrugged. "What good does it do me? No ship will ever come to pick me up. And I can't leave because every ship's engine is always wrecked. I can't even radio anybody because the radios are smashed, too. So I'm just stuck here, like a hermit." He eyed Jon solemnly. "And so are you, son. Make up your mind to it. You'll have to become a beachcomber, like me, to live!"

JON went cold, but the logic was sound. It was only a moment later that they saw a glint of metal far off in space, and a new wreck slowly drifted in. One whole side of it was bashed in, as if it had been struck by a meteor. The derelict became part of the Sargasso Sea of Space.

In a dash, Jon helped the beachcomber take out supplies that were intact—tins of food and such. But Jon suddenly darted to the radio. Partly smashed though it was, Jon saw there was a chance to fix it. He labored for hours and finally got it going.

"It's a weak signal," he muttered. "But maybe some ship is near enough to pick it up. Lieutenant Jon Jarl calling from the Sargasso Sea of Space! S.O.S.!"

After wazy hours, Jon let the beachcomber take over. The old man had his own idea of making a call. . . . "The Space Beachcomber calling from the Sargasso Sea of Space! I have a fortune here! I'll split half of it with any rescue ship that comes!"

Finally, a ship did appear, approaching slowly and cautiously. Jon and the beachcomber let out yells of joy. But Jon stopped in the middle of a yell. It was the ship of the Space Vulture!

"It's a pirate!" Jon bawled into the beachcomber's ear. "Your message about your fortune lured him here. But he'll take it all and leave you stranded. I'm going to hide. Don't tell him about me. It's our only chance."

And Jon sped away, hiding among the wrecks.

With his crew, the Space Vulture strode up and brutally slapped the beachcomber

across the face. "So you've got a fortune, eh, old man?" he grated. "Turn it over to us—or else!"

Trembling, the beachcomber led the way to his "home". Meanwhile, in hiding, Jon thought desperately and finally decided upon a plan. He crept carefully from one old hulk to the next, keeping under cover. Soon he had circled to where the parked ship of the pirates rested on a mass of debris. How many men had they left on guard inside? Jon had to make a surprise attack and hope for the best.

Jon paused, and grinned suddenly. Another idea had struck him. He darted into a big old hulk. At a long table sat a row of skeletons, people who had died instantly when their ship met its doom. It was gruesome work, but Jon hauled a skeleton away, with ragged clothing hanging to it.

Inside the pirate ship, three men were on guard. One of them yelled and pointed to a window, at the apparition of a dancing skeleton. "Lots of people died here in the Sargasso Sea of Space! They've come to haunt us! We gotta call the boss and get away fast!"

As they stumbled out the hatchway in panic, they were met by the vengeful figure of Jon Jarl and his ray gun. One pirate tried to draw, only to earn himself a burned hand. Jon then roped them inside, and awaited the return of Space Vulture and the others.

When the others came toward their ship, lugging the stolen chest of valuables, the gun-scout of a ray cannon swung at them and Jon's voice came from within, via helmet-radio. "One false move and this ray cannon goes off! Drop your guns and surrender!"

The pirates had no choice. Jon soon had them safely disarmed, and under his watchful eye and gun, ready to fly the ship away. But at the moment of departure, the beachcomber hung back.

"Aren't you coming along?" Jon asked in surprise.

The old man shook his head. "No, son! I guess I like this beachcombing. Every time a new wreck drifts in, it's always like an adventure to see what I can salvage. I'm not doing anybody any harm. So I'll stay. As for that chest of valuables, give it away to the poor. Goodbye!"

JON looked back, as the Sargasso Sea of Space slowly faded away, with the tiny figure of the beachcomber standing and surveying the mass of wreckage, like a king surveying his domain.

THE END

JON JARL rockets to astonishing adventures in every issue of CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES!

Captain MARVEL

DOGCATCHER



THIS IS A STRANGE OCCASION FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL.

I'VE GOT TO KEEP PRACTISING THE FLUTE!



CAPT. MARVEL

DOG LOVERS SOCIETY
OF TOWNVILLE

DEAR CAPTAIN MARVEL:

WILL YOU PLAY THE FLUTE AT OUR DOG LOVERS CONCERT?

IT WILL HELP US RAISE A PETITION TO GET OUR LOCAL DOGCATCHER WHO IS CRUEL TO DOGS.

YOURS TRULY,
Ed S. Smeagol
PRESIDENT



I HATE CRUELTY TO ANIMALS SO I DECIDED TO HELP! TOWNVILLE IS THIS WAY!



DOG LOVERS CONCERT
LOCAL DOGS BARK, 7 PM

LOOKS LIKE A GOOD CROWD! THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF SIGNERS TO THE PETITION TO OUST THE CRUEL DOGCATCHER!



MEANWHILE, LEON CRANK, LOCAL DOGCATCHER, IS THINKING THE SAME THING!

SO THEY WANT TO GET ME FIRED, EH? I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT CONCERT!

DOG LOVERS CONCERT
CAPTAIN MARVEL, FLUTE
WILL PLAY THE FLUTE



OUT OF MY WAY, CUR! I'LL CATCH YOU LATER! I'VE GOT BUSINESS INSIDE!

YIPE!



THE CONCERT HAS BEGUN, WITH CAPTAIN MARVEL AS GUEST FLUTIST!

CAPTAIN MARVEL'S HELPING THEM! BUT I'LL FIX HIM! WAIT TILL HE LAYS DOWN HIS FLUTE!

NO SOUR NOTES! I'M DOING FINE!



AH! HERE'S A BREATHING SPELL FOR ME!

NOW I'LL SUBSTITUTE THIS OTHER FLUTE, WHICH IS REALLY A HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLE!



WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL RESUMES...

HUH? NO SOUND COMES OUT! WHAT'S WRONG?









UPPY DAIRY! THIS WON'T HURT! I'M DOING THIS GENTLY!

YIPE!

YAP! YAP!



A GOOD LOAD FOR THE DOGS ROUND! I HATE TO TAKE THEM THERE, BUT THESE DOGS HAVE NO LICENSES OR HOWES!

WAA! YAP! YAP! YAP! YAP! YAP! YAP!



BUT THE EVIL, FORMER DOGCATCHER HAS WAITED HIS CHANCE FOR REVENGE, AND AS THE TRUCK MOVES...

SO HE'S THE NEW DOGCATCHER! ALL RIGHT, LET HIM DO THE WHOLE JOB OVER!



WHAT'S THIS? HOLY MOLEY! I'VE GOT TO ROUND THEM UP ALL OVER AGAIN!

YAP! YAP!

WOOF!



WAIT! I'VE STILL GOT THIS MISHMASHED FLUTE! I'LL USE IT!



I CAN'T HEAR A THING, BUT THE DOGS CIN' I'M A REGULAR CANINE PIND PAPER!

YIP!

WUF!

ARP!



BUT AS CAPTAIN MARVEL LOOKS UP THE STRAY DOGS ONCE MORE, HIS HEART SELTS IN PITY AT THE SAD EYES OF THE HOMELESS CREATURES!

AW STOP IT, FELLOW! DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! I HAVE TO TAKE YOU TO THE POUND! WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?

SNIFF!



WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LOTS OF KIDS WANT DOGS, BUT CAN'T AFFORD THE LICENSES! BUT BILLY CAN PAY FOR THEM, AND TELL THE KIDS ABOUT IT!

GIMME!

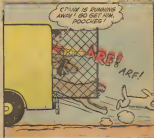
YAP! YAP!

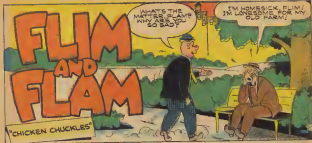


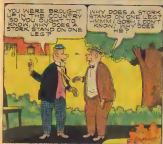
MAGIC LIGHTNING ANSWERS THE MYSTIC HOOD AND RETURNS CAPTAIN MARVEL TO THE FORM OF BILLY BATSON, BOY NEWSCASTER!

BOOM!

CAPT. MARVEL







Captain MARVEL

MANY CITIES ARE LACKING IN TREES TO RELIEVE THEIR AVENUES OF THE MONOTONY OF HARSH STEEL AND STONE? BUT LIKE JOHNNY APPLESEED OF YORE, A MODERN TREE-PLANTER ARRIVES TO SCATTER ACORNS THROUGH THE CITY! HOWEVER, HIS EFFORTS CREATE STRANGE RESULTS THAT TAKE ALL THE POWER AND MIGHT OF CAPTAIN MARVEL TO RECTIFY!

FIGHTS THE THREAT OF
THE GIANT TREE!

HOLY HOLY! I CAN'T LET IT FALL!

ZOOM!

CRACK!

A STRANGE FIGURE ROAMS THE CITY STREETS WITH A STRANGE PURPOSE IN MIND?

THE CITY IS ALL STEEL AND STONE! IT NEEDS SOME TREES! I'M GOING TO PLANT THEM ALL OVER! TREES ARE THINGS OF BEAUTY!



HIS FIRST STOP IS THE COURTYARD OF STATION WHIZ, WHERE STERLING MORRIS, OWNER OF WHIZ, AND BILLY BATSON, HIS BOY NEWSCASTER, RELAX DURING THEIR LUNCH HOUR?

A TREE IS NEEDED RIGHT HERE!

AND HOW WIDE A GAP-DRAWN AIR MOUND?



NO, I'M NOT AN ORDINARY GARDENER! I'M JOHNNY GREENLEAF, AND I WANT TO PLANT TREES ALL THROUGH THE CITY! I'VE DEVELOPED BY OWN SPECIAL ACORNS AND I'M GOING TO PLANT THEM FAR AND WIDE!

LIKE JOHNNY APPLE-SEED, EH?





MAY I PLANT A TREE HERE?

SURE, GO AHEAD! BUT OF COURSE IT WILL TAKE YEARS TO GROW UP!



AS IT GROWS! THESE ARE SPECIAL FAST-GROWING ACORNS! WATCH, AS I SPRINKLE THE BURED ACORN!



HOLY MONEY! THE TREE HAS POPPED OUT OF THE GROUND ALREADY! THAT'S THE FASTEST-GROWING THING I EVER SAW!

BY TOMORROW THE TREE WILL BE FULL-GROWN!



I'LL GO NOW AND PLANT MORE TREES!

AMAZING! IT'S GROWING RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!



OUTSIDE THE COURTYARD, THERE WAS BEEN AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR TO ALL THIS!

OH JED JUTHRO, LUMBERMAN! IF YOUR ACORNS GROW TO FULL-SIZED TREES TOMORROW, THEY'RE WORTH PLENTY! NAME YOUR PRICE!

LET GO! MY ACORNS ARE NOT FOR SALE!



I'M NOT INTERESTED IN LUMBER OR MONEY! I'M ONLY PLANTING THE TREES TO BEAUTIFY THE CITY!

BAH!



THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN BILLY BIXSON ARRIVED FOR WORK

IT'S FULL-GROWN ALREADY, JUST AS JOHNNY GREEN-LEAF SAID!



AND ONLY AN HOUR LATER, AS BILLY WORKS IN HIS OFFICE

HEY! WHAT GOES ON?

SHAZAM!

THE MYSTIC NAME BOARDS
WITH A CRASH OF MAGIC
LIGHTNING THAT CHANGES
THE BOY TO MIGHTY
CAPTAIN MARVEL!



HOLY
MOLEY! THE
TREE IS STILL
GROWING!



IT'S GROWING
TALLER THAN THE
BUILDINGS!



THE AMAZING
TREE HAS
REACHED
GIANT SIZE!

THERE'S
ANOTHER LINE
BREAKING MORE
WONDERS!



AND JUST
TO THINK THAT
ONLY YESTERDAY
THIS WAS A
TINY SPRING!



HOLY
MOLEY! NOW
WHAT?



CAPT. MARVEL

A GIANT LIMB HAS BROKEN OFF AND IS PLUNGING TO THE BUSY STREET!



HOLY MOLEY!
I'VE GOT TO
CATCH THAT
LIMB!



RYCRA!

THE WORLD'S
HIGHEST
MORTAL
PREVENTS
CATAS-
TROPHE!



CAPTAIN
MARVEL!
WHERE DID
THIS GIANT
TREE COME
FROM?

FROM ONE OF
JOHNNY GREEN-
LEAF'S ACORNES!
AND IT'S A MADNESS!
BETTER ROPE OFF
ALL THE STREETS
NEARBY OFFICER!



AND HOLY MOLEY!
JOHNNY GREENLEAF
HAS BEEN PLANTING
MORE OF HIS ACORNES,
MEANWHILE I'VE GOT
TO FIND HIM AND STOP
HIM!



MEANWHILE,
ELSEWHERE...

OH MAN DE
DAMN IT ANOTHER
ACORN PLANTED!
I'LL MAKE AN
AMBITIOUS BEAUTY
SPOT OUT OF
THE CITY!



BUT JED JUTHRO WAS SECRETLY FOLLOWED AND...

MAN! WHO CARES ABOUT
BEAUTY? I WANT TO MAKE
A FORTUNE IN LUMBER
OUT OF THE GIANT
TREES!



I'LL TAKE THE ACORNES! EACH
IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD!
I CAN PLANT A WHOLE FOREST
OF GIANT TREES AND MAKE A
KILLING IN THE LUMBER
MARKET! YOU'RE A
SMART MAN, JED
JUTHRO!



BUT A RED
POSSA STRUCK
FROM THE
SKY AND:

POW!

NO YOU
DON'T, PAL
THOSE ACORNS
ARE DANGEROUS!



HOLY MOLEY! THE ACORNS
ARE ALL SCATTERED! I'D
BETTER GATHER THEM UP
QUICKLY, BEFORE THEY
TAKE ROOT!

HERE'S
MY CHANCE
TO ESCAPE!



THERE, I
GOT THEM
ALL!

THANKS FOR
PICKING UP MY
ACORNS, CAPTAIN
MARVEL! I'LL
TAKE THEM
NOW!



STOP! WHY ARE YOU
DESTROYING
THEM?

BECAUSE
THEY'RE A
MENACE!



MENACE?
HOW CAN
BEAUTIFUL
TREES BE
A MENACE?

I'LL
SHOW
YOU!



AAA!

LOOK!
THIS TREE IS
SO TALL NOW
A PLANE
CAN HIT ITS
TOP!





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WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!



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